Well brother, another two weeks have passed. Father’s Day was a little different this year. I did my traditional singing at Mass in honor of our Patron Saint Anthony. After the procession with the statue, The Saint was welcomed in with a Mariachi Band. A bit surprising at an Italian Festival but I’m told things change.

I was involved in this affair for many years but I recently retired. So this year instead of carrying refrigerators and pizza dough around the yard, I got to carry my grandson around. Definitely a change for the better. The other thing that did not change was other than myself, Mrs. Cusano still makes the best ziti and meatballs and that’s what we all ate for our Sunday dinner.

Took some pictures at another high school graduation. As you know, graduation ceremonies aren’t my favorite settings. I even tried to get out of going to my son’s graduation this year. There are just so many times you can listen to how quickly time flies, the greatness of the past and the endless opportunities presented by the future. Take out the opportunities for the future and it’s just another *Let’s be “Frank”* column.

Lynne Riordan and a group of dedicated people have approached the Town Council for use of the old Senior Center as a food pantry. The Council approved of this as well as approving the library group to sell used books from the same building. Both will help our community and I applaud the people getting involved. It would also be a great use for the empty building. Joanne Wentworth started and the food bank thirty years ago and has worked tirelessly in it ever since. It’s just a thought, but how about the “Joanne Wentworth Community Food Bank”. After all, they named a Little League concession stand after you. Perhaps was because of all the money you spent eating there.

Gina went on a conference for work and took my wife with her. They added a few days and they are hiking in the mountains, camping out, kayaking and as I write this column they are going zip lining. I was never invited by Gina but my wife suggested I might go. For me it’s a hike to get from the kitchen to the bedroom. Me getting into a kayak would be similar to a ride on the Titanic and just the thought of me on a zip line makes zip line manufacturers all over the world quit their jobs.

With the two of them away, I am a bachelor for a week. Everyone but me is concerned about my solo performances. SueAnn wanted to cook and shop before she left. Did she really think that I could starve to death? I can go months without food and still gain weight.

Erica calls me two or three times a day to make sure I am still alive. She too has offered to cook. I weigh 700 pounds and they are concerned about me missing a meal. Besides, in a past life I was a caterer so I think I can prepare a few meals on my own.

As a bachelor, I am enjoying doubling up on my attendance at summer baseball games to see how our high school kids are developing. I don’t mind watering the outside flowers or the vegetable garden and I can watch what I want on TV without Gina complaining about having to sit through another baseball game. I also learned that you don’t water orchids. You just put three ice cubes in them once a week. I guess I missed that on the list but the martini was pretty good with the three ice cubes.

I’m getting along pretty well. Now if I can only remember how to use the washing machine, where the vacuum cleaner is, which day is trash day and where are the damn trash bags, I should survive the week.

Well, it’s time to sign off. Be good and I’ll see you soon.